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#3

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Stories  
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the Classic

**Disney**  
Attraction

# Haunted Mansion



cox

# Welcome, Foolish Mortals...

HAUNTED MANSION

SLG PUBLISHING

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## Night of the Caretaker's Dog

The skinny hound is the bane of the graveyard inhabitants. But just like his master, he has a reason for what he does.

Written by Chris Reilly and Steve Ahlquist  
Illustrated by Crab Scrambly

## The Mummy's Curse

The Mummy holds ancient secrets — but give him a little herbal tea to clear his throat, and he'll be ready to dish.

Written and Illustrated by Christopher

## The Peppermint Girl

To what lengths will two boys go to get a chance with the girl of their dreams? When the girl is dead, it's a situation that calls for more than smooth pick-up lines and cologne.

Written and illustrated by D.W. Frydendall

## Mystery of the Manse

### Part Three

William Gracey has left the life of Captain Blood behind.... But can he start over in an abandoned mansion in the Louisiana bayou? Will the manse's inhabitants embrace him as one of their own?

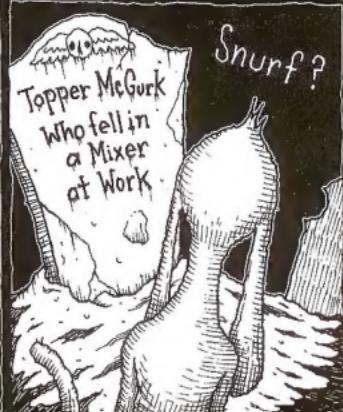
Written by Dan Vado  
Illustrated by Mike Moss

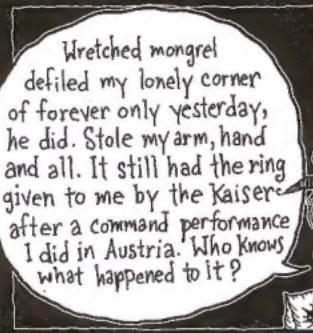
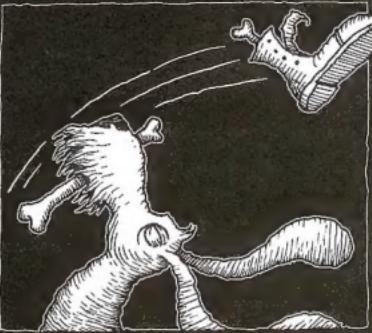
## William Gracey

A portrait of the Manse's mysterious master.  
by David Hedgecock

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# NIGHT of the CARETAKER'S DOG



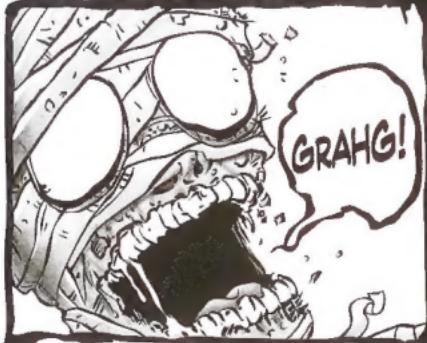






# THE MUMMY'S CURSE

BY  
CHRISTOPHER



I WAS ONCE A PRINCE. LONG, LONG AGO, WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND, YOU KNOW... ALIVE.

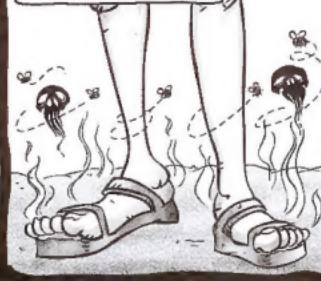
I SNEAKED INTO THE TEMPLE OF ANUBIS ONE NIGHT.



TERRIBLE CURSES, SUCH AS THE SEVEN YEAR ITCHY SCRATCHIES.



THE CURSE OF THE STINKY CHEESE FEET.



I HAD HOPED TO STEAL ONE OF HIS ARTIFACTS, TO PROVE THAT I WAS BEYOND REPROACH...

BUT HE AWOKE, CATCHING ME IN THE ACT

AND THUS BEGOTTEN UPON ME THE CURSE OF 1,000 CURSES.



THE CURSE OF THE AMOROUS CAMELS



AND SO, SO MANY MORE.

I ASKED FOR FORGIVENESS, BUT HE SAID I COULD ONLY GET RID OF THE CURSES BY PASSING THEM ON TO OTHERS.



AND ONE BY ONE ...I DID

FOR CENTURIES.

EVEN IN DEATH WHERE I FOUND MYSELF IN THE BELLY OF A CURSED SHIP.

SAILING THE SEAS LEAVING DISASTER IN MY WAKE.

AND I NOW CONFESS AT LAST MY OLD FRIEND...



THAT I FEAR I AM, IN SOME WAY, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ILL FORTUNE AND CURSES HEAPED UPON THE GRACEYS.

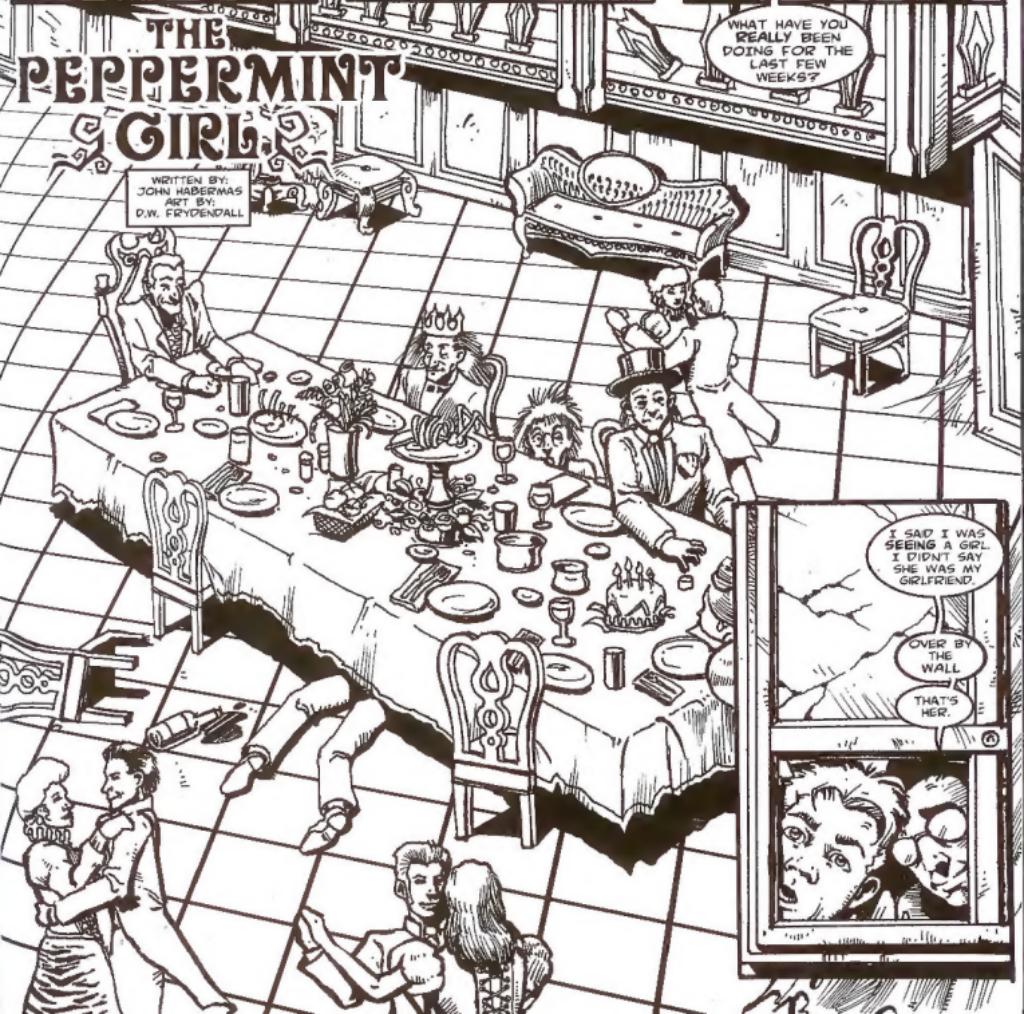


EHP?  
HUUH-  
WHA?

—A SALE ON PURSES AT MACY'S?



END.



I COME  
HERE EVERY  
NIGHT TO  
SEE HER.

WHILE THE OTHERS  
DANCE, AND EAT, AND  
LAUGH TOGETHER,  
SHE'S ALWAYS THERE  
BY HERSELF.

I KNOW SHE'D LOVE  
TO JOIN THEM, BUT  
SHE NEVER DOES.

AND THAT SMILE.  
THAT BEAUTIFUL,  
CHEERFUL SMILE.

IT BREAKS MY HEART,  
BECAUSE SOMEHOW IT  
MAKES HER SEEM  
EVEN MORE ALONE.

UNBELIEVABLE.  
YOU'RE  
STALKING  
A GHOST.

I'M NOT  
STALKING! I  
ADMIRING  
HER.

I'M  
ADMIRING  
HER.

DOES SHE  
KNOW YOU'RE  
HERE?

NO, I'M  
ALWAYS  
CAREFUL.

I'M AFRAID THAT IF  
SHE NOTICES ME, ALL  
THIS'LL DISAPPEAR  
AND I'LL NEVER SEE  
HER AGAIN.

SORRY I  
DOUBTED  
YOU.

SHE'S THE  
PRETTIEST  
GIRL I'VE  
EVER SEEN—

—GET DOWN!





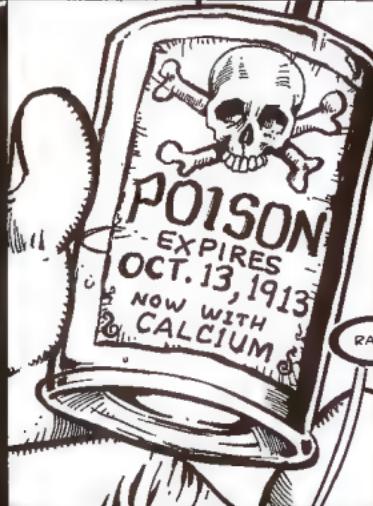














# Mystery of the MANSE

part three

words: Vade  
pictures: Mass



PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES  
FOR ALL THE INTERRUPTIONS  
TO MY STORY.

I HAVE DEVELOPED THIS TERRIBLE HABIT  
OF STRETCHING A SIMPLE TALE INTO  
A LONG AND GRUESOME YARN.

I ALWAYS SEEM TO LEAVE MY  
AUDIENCE HANGING.

AN ANNOYANCE FOR YOU,  
A WAY OF LIFE FOR ME.



MY TRANSFORMATION FROM FIRST MATE  
WILLIAM GRACEY TO NOTORIOUS PIRATE  
CAPTAIN BLOOD CAME FULL CIRCLE...



...WHEN I BETRAYED AND MURDERED MY CREW  
AND ESCAPED FOR THE NEW WORLD.



WHEN I SET FOOT ON LAFFITE'S LANDING  
I DID SO AS WILLIAM GRACEY, TRAVELLER  
AND BUSINESSMAN LOOKING TO ESTABLISH  
ROOTS IN THIS WONDERFUL PLACE KNOWN  
AS NEW ORLEANS.





MANY TIMES HAD I ENCOUNTERED SEAN LAFFITE ON THE HIGH SEAS. LAFFITE WAS A COMPLEX INDIVIDUAL: PART PIRATE, PART PATRIOT, HE LOVED THIS FLEDGLING COUNTRY AS MUCH AS HE LOVED PIRACY.

FOR A LONG PERIOD HE WAS PRACTICALLY THE ONLY NAVAL PRESENCE PROTECTING NEW ORLEANS.



LAFFITE FOUGHT BRAVELY IN THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS...

HEARTBROKEN, LAFFITE ABANDONED HIS ADOPTED HOME AND DISAPPEARED.

SEEN BRIEFLY IN GALVESTON IN THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS, HE WAS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN.

LAFFITE LEFT BEHIND A NUMBER OF ASSOCIATES, AMONG THEM A SHADY ATTORNEY NAMED BRIAN BELEW.



BELEW WAS ON THE PIRATE'S RETAINER; THE LAWYER PROVED USEFUL FOR GETTING LAFFITE OUT OF HIS MANY TROUBLES.

BEYOND THAT, BELEW KNEW WHERE ALL THE BODIES WERE BURIED, BOTH LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY, AND I AM SURE HIS RETAINER WAS PART BRIBE TO KEEP HIM QUIET.



THIS WAS A MAN I COULD WORK WITH.

I CONTACTED BELEW AND ASKED HIM TO HELP ME FIND A HOME, ONE WHERE A NEWLY HONEST MAN LIKE MYSELF COULD RETIRE TO.

BELOW TOOK ME TO A MANSION JUST OUTSIDE OF NEW ORLEANS PROPER.



THE PLACE WAS PRACTICALLY NEW BUT HAD BEEN ABANDONED BY ITS BUILDER.



LOCAL LEGEND SAID THE PLACE WAS CURSED.

IT SOUNDED PERFECT...



FOR MY PART, I NEVER BELIEVED IN CURSES, GHOSTS, OR SUPERSTITIONS

IF THOSE THINGS EXISTED THEN I WAS CERTAINLY A DOOMED MAN



UPON ENTERING THE MANSION, THOUGH, I COULD FEEL THERE WAS SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THE PLACE.

THE CANDLES ON THE WALL WERE LIT AND FLICKERING, YET THE AIR WAS DEATHLY STILL.



I WALKED INTO A SMALL OCTAGONAL CHAMBER JUST OFF THE ENTRANCE. AN ODDLY SHAPED ROOM WITH NO WINDOWS AND, SEEMINGLY AFTER I ENTERED, NO DOORS.

I SUDDENLY FELT DISORIENTED, THE ROOM CHANGING SHAPES AND DIMENSIONS

WAS IT ACTUALLY STRETCHING, OR WAS THIS A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION?

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, OR I BLACKED OUT

SUDDENLY I FOUND MYSELF WANDERING THROUGH WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ALMOST ENDLESS HALLWAY. STAGGERING THROUGH THE EMPTY MANSION ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS FINDING A WAY OUT



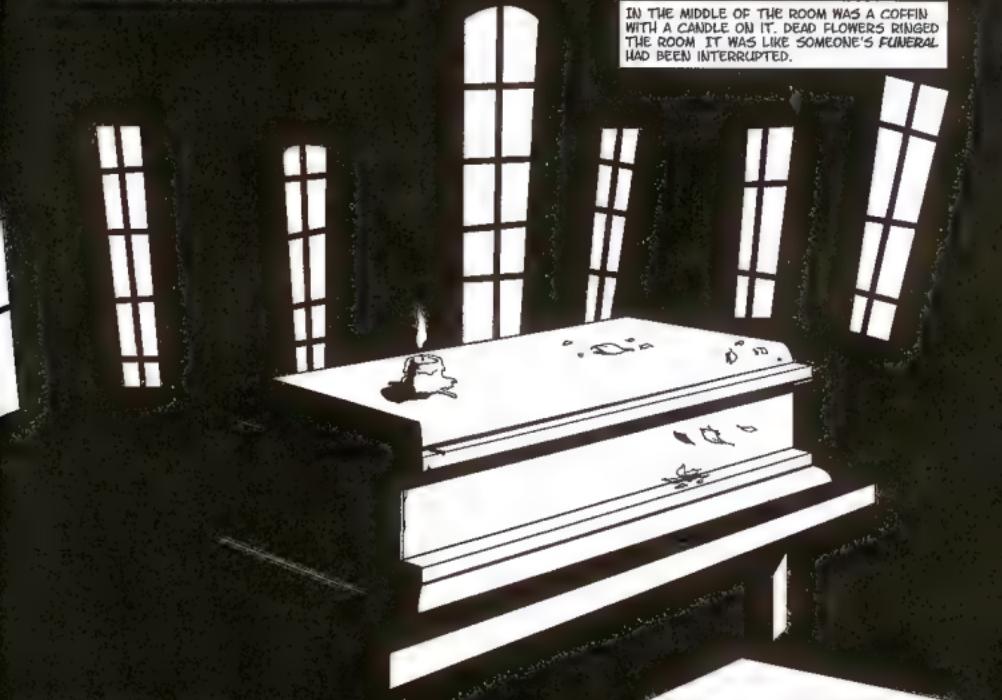
TO THIS DAY, I'M NOT SURE WHICH



DESPERATE FOR ESCAPE, I FOUND A LIGHT COMING FROM A ROOM JUST AT THE END OF THE HALL. I COULD HEAR THUNDER OUTSIDE AND SEE THE PLASHES OF LIGHTNING THROUGH THE DOOR.

BURSTING THROUGH THE DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL I FOUND MYSELF IN A CONSERVATORY

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM WAS A COFFIN WITH A CANDLE ON IT. DEAD FLOWERS RINGED THE ROOM. IT WAS LIKE SOMEONE'S FUNERAL HAD BEEN INTERRUPTED.



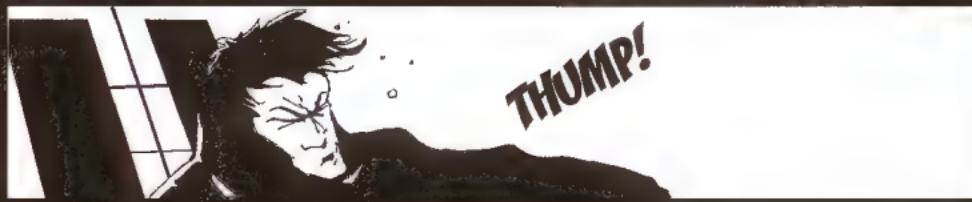
I WAS STARTLED BY A CAWING RAVEN WHICH APPEARED ALMOST OUT OF NOWHERE.



WAS IT LAUGHING AT ME, OR WAS THIS ANOTHER FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION?

I BACKED AWAY FROM THE BIRD AND BUMPED INTO THE CASKET, ALMOST KNOCKING IT OVER.

THUMP!



AND THEN...



LET ME OUT OF HERE!  
LET ME OUT OF HERE!!!!

CRACK!



THE BLACK RAVEN WAS PERCHED ABOVE ME, ANGRILY CAWING AND GLARING. IT SOUNDED LIKE IT WAS TALKING TO ME. IN MY HEAD I HEARD IT SAY...

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU'VE AWAKENED A RESIDENT!

YOU'LL BE SORRY...

WHAT MANNER OF INSANITY  
HAD I WANDERED INTO??



I RAN OUT INTO THE HALLWAY AND TRIED TO MAKE MY ESCAPE OUT A WINDOW.



IT WAS WHEN I RAN PAST A FLOATING CANDLABRA AND THE DOORS STARTED TO BREATHE THAT I BEGAN TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.



AND, AS TERRIFIED AS I WAS, IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT I KNEW...



...I HAD FOUND A NEW HOME.

TO BE CONTINUED...



**WILLIAM GRACEY**

# Ghoulish Contributors



Chris  
Reilly

Madmen, the both of them, Chris Reilly and Steve Ahlquist are co-creators of *Strange Eggs* and the forthcoming *Goggles and Gloves*. They live in Providence, Rhode Island, an eldritch town if there ever was one.



Steve  
Ahlquist

Residing in the filthy bowels of southern California, Crab Scrambly can be found toiling away late into the night working on his latest creations. Crab has worked on a variety of projects, including a number of books for SLG —*Everything Can Be Beaten* written by Jhonen Vasquez, *The 13th of Never*, and *Nightmares & Fairytales* written by Serena Valentino.



Christopher

Christopher is the silly spook behind the SLG comic book *The Ghouly Boys*, a tale of cute monster kids that tugs on your heart strings while tickling your funny bones. He's currently in final arrangements to renew his death certificate, which was revoked after a doombuggie mishap during our last midnight jamboree.

D.W. Fydendall has been illustrating horror since he could pick up a pencil. His most recent comic work includes Asylum's Press's critically acclaimed *Satan's Three Ring Circus of Hell*. He recently released a book of his art titled *The Creeps* from Burnside Publishing.



D.W.  
Fydendall



David  
Hedgecock

A grand adventurer in the tradition of Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay, David still found time to obtain a Studio Art degree from UC San Diego. David has had his work published by many reputable (and some not-so-reputable) comic companies, a few have even managed to stay in business.



Dan  
Vado

Dan Vado has helmed SLG on the high seas of the comic book industry for twenty years, recently adding to the crew artist Mike Moss, who also illustrated part one of *The Mystery of the Manse*.



Mike  
Moss



**DARTH SCANNER**



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